

POEMS

by

J O H N G A Y:

viz.

*The Shepherd's Week,
Song, Black-ey'd Susan,
A new Song of new Similies,
Fables.*



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THE SHEPHERD'S WEEK.

MONDAY:

or,

THE SQUABBLE.

Lobbin Clout.

Thy younglings, Cuddy, are but just awake,
No thrustles shrill the bramble-bush forsake,
No chirping lark the welkin sheen invokes,
No damsel yet the swelling udder strokes;
O'er yonder hill does scant the dawn appear,
Then why does Cuddy leave his cot so rear?

Cuddy. Ah! Lobbin Clout, I ween my plight is guest,
For he that loves a stranger is to rest;
If swains belye not thou hast prov'd the smart,
And Blouzelinda's mistress of thy heart.
This rising rear betokeneth well thy mind;
Those arms are folded for thy Blouzelind:
And well, I trow, our piteous plights agree,
Thee Blouzelinda smites, Buxoma me.

Lob. Clout. Ah! Blouzelind, I love thee more by half,
Than does their fawns or cows the new-fall'n calf:
Woe worth the tongue, may blisters sore it gall,
That names Buxoma, Blouzelind withal.

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*Cud.* Hold, witless Lobbin Clout, I thee advise,  
 Lest blisters sore on thy own tongue arise.  
 Lo, yonder, Cloddipole, the blithsome swain,  
 The wisest lout of all the neighb'ring plain!  
 From Cloddipole we learnt to read the skies,  
 To know when hail will fall or winds arise:  
 He taught us erst the heifer's tail to view,  
 When stuck aloft, that show'rs would strait ensue:  
 He first that useful secret did explain,  
 That pricking corns foretold the gathering rain:  
 When swallows fleet soar high and sport in air,  
 He told us that the welkin would be clear,  
 Let Cloddipole then hear us twain rehearse,  
 And praise his sweetheart in alternate verse:  
 I'll wager this same oaken staff with thee,  
 That Cloddipole shall give the prize to me.

*Lob. Clout.* See this tobacco-pouch that's lin'd with  
 Made of the skin of sleekest fallow-deer; [hair,  
 This pouch, that's ty'd with tape of reddest hue,  
 I'll wager, that the prize shall be my due.

*Cud.* Begin thy carols, then, thou vaunting slouch,  
 Be thine the oaken staff, or mine the pouch.

*Lob. Clout.* My Blouzelinda is the blithest lass,  
 Than primrose sweeter, or the clover grass.  
 Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows,  
 Fair is the daisie that beside her grows;  
 Fair is the gillyflow'r, of gardens sweet,  
 Fair is the mary-gold, for pottage meet;  
 But Blouzelind's than gillyflow'r more fair,  
 Than daisie, mary-gold, or king-cup rare.

*Cud.* My brown Buxoma is the featest maid  
 That e'er at wake delightful gambol play'd;  
 Clean as young lambkins or the goose's down,  
 And like the goldfinch in her Sunday gown.  
 The witless lamb may sport upon the plain,  
 The frisking kid delight the gaping swain,  
 The wanton calf may skip with many a bound,  
 And my cur Tray play deftest feats around;



But neither lamb, nor kid, nor calf, nor Tray,  
Dance like Buxoma on the first of May.

*Lob. Clout.* Sweet is my toil when Blouzelind is near,  
Of her bereft, 'tis winter all the year.  
With her no sultry summer's heat I know;  
In winter, when she's nigh, with love I glow.  
Come, Blouzelinda! ease thy swain's desire,  
My summer's shadow, and my winter's fire!

*Cud.* As with Buxoma once I work'd at hay,  
Ev'n noon-tide labour seem'd an holiday;  
And holidays, if haply she were gone,  
Like worky-days I wish'd would soon be done.  
Eftsoons, O sweetheart kind! my love repay,  
And all the year shall then be holiday.

*Lob. Clout.* As Blouzelinda in a gamesome mood,  
Behind a haycock loudly laughing stood,  
I slyly ran, and snatch'd a hasty kiss,  
She wip'd her lips, nor took it much amiss.  
Believe me, Cuddy, while I'm bold to say,  
Her breath was sweeter than the ripen'd hay.

*Cud.* As my Buxoma, in a morning fair,  
With gentle finger strok'd her milky care,  
I quaintly stole a kiss; at first 'tis true,  
She frown'd, yet after granted one or two.  
Lobbin, I swear, believe who will my vows,  
Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cow's.

*Lob. Clout.* Leek to the Welch, to Dutchmen butter's  
Of Irish swains potatoe is the cheer; [dear,  
Oats for their feasts the Scottish shepherds grind,  
Sweet turnips are the food of Blouzelind:  
While she loves turnips, butter I'll despise,  
Nor leeks, nor oatmeal, nor potatoe prize.

*Cud.* In good roast beef my landlord sticks his knife,  
The capon fat delights his dainty wife;  
Pudding our parson eats, the 'squire loves hare,  
But white-pot thick is my Buxoma's fare.  
While she loves white-pot, capon ne'er shall be,  
Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

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*Lob. Clout.* As once I play'd at Blindman's-buff it hapt  
About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt :  
I miss'd the swains, and seiz'd on Blouzelind.  
True speaks that ancient proverb, "Love is blind."

*Cud.* As at Hot-cockles once I laid me down,  
And felt the weighty hand of many a clown,  
Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I  
Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.

*Lob. Clout.* On two near elms the slacken'd cord I hung;  
Now high, now low, my Blouzelinda swung.  
With the rude wind her rumpled garment rose,  
And show'd her taper leg and scarlet hose.

*Cud.* Across the fallen oak the plank I laid,  
And myself pois'd against the tott'ring maid :  
High leapt the plank ; adown Buxoma fell ;  
I spy'd—but faithful sweethearts never tell.

*Lob. Clout.* This riddle, Cuddy, if thou canst, explain,  
This wily riddle puzzles every swain ;  
What flower is that which bears the Virgin's name \*,  
The richest metal joined with the same ?

*Cud.* Answer thou carle, and judge this riddle right,  
I'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight ;  
What flower is that which royal honour craves,  
Adjoin the Virgin †, and 't is strown on graves ?

*Cloddipole.* Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your  
An oaken staff each merits for his pains. [strains ;  
But see the sun-beams bright to labour warn,  
And gild the thatch of Goodman Hodges' barn,  
Your herds for want of water stand adry,  
They're weary of your songs—and so am I.

\* Marygold.

† Rosemary.

## TUESDAY:

or,

THE DITTY.  

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*Marian.*

Young Collin Clout a lad of peerless meed,  
Full well could dance and deftly tune the reed;  
In ev'ry wood his carols sweet were known,  
At ev'ry wake his nimble feats were shown.  
When in the ring the rustic routs he threw,  
The damsels' pleasures with his conquest grew;  
Or when aslant the cudgel threats his head,  
His danger smites the breast of ev'ry maid,  
But chief of Marian. Marian lov'd the swain,  
The parson's maid, and neatest of the plain.  
Marian, that soft could stroke the udder'd cow,  
Or lessen with her sieve the barley-mow;  
Marbled with sage the hard'ning cheese she press'd,  
And yellow butter Marian's skill confess'd;  
But Marian now, devoid of country cares,  
Nor yellow butter nor sage cheese prepares;  
For yearning love the witless maid employs,  
And love, say swains, all busy heed destroys.  
Colin makes mock at all her piteous smart,  
A lass that Cic'ly hight had won his heart,  
Cic'ly, the western lass, that tends the kee,  
The rival of the parson's maid was she,  
In dreary shade now Marian lies along,  
And mixt with sighs thus wails in plaining song:  
Ah! woful day! ah woful noon and morn!  
When first by thee my younglings white were shorn,

Then first, I ween, I cast a lover's eye,  
My sheep were silly, but more silly I.  
Beneath the shears they felt no lasting smart;  
They lost but fleeces, whilst I lost a heart.

Ah! Colin! canst thou leave thy sweetheart true;  
What I have done for thee will Cic'ly do?  
Will she thy linen wash or hosen darn,  
And knit thee gloves made of her own spun yarn?  
Will she with huswife's hand provide thy meat,  
And ev'ry Sunday morn thy neckcloth plait?  
Which o'er thy kersey doublet spreading wide,  
In service-time drew Cic'ly's eyes aside.

Where'er I gad I cannot hide my care,  
My new disasters in my look appear.  
White as the curd my ruddy cheek is grown,  
So thin my features that I'm hardly known;  
Our neighbours tell me oft', in joking talk,  
Of ashes, leather, oatmeal, bran, and chalk;  
Unwittingly of Marian they divine,  
And wist not that with thoughtful love I pine:  
Yet Colin Clout, untoward shepherd swain,  
Walks whistling blithe, while pitiful I plain.

Whilom with thee 't was Marian's dear delight  
To toil all day, and merry make at night.  
If in the soil you guide the crooked share,  
Your early breakfast is my constant care;  
And when with even hand you strow the grain,  
I fright the thievish rooks from off the plain.  
In misling days when I my thresher heard,  
With nappy beer I to the barn repair'd;  
Lost in the music of the whirling flail,  
To gaze on thee I left the smoking pail:  
In harvest, when the sun was mounted high,  
My leathern bottle did thy drought supply;  
Whene'er you mow'd I follow'd with the rake,  
And have full oft' been sun-burnt for thy sake;  
When in the welkin gathering show'rs were seen,  
I lagg'd the last with Colin on the green;

And when at eve returning with thy car,  
 Awaiting heard the gingling bells from far;  
 Straight on the fire the sooty pot I plac'd,  
 To warm thy broth I burnt my hands for haste.  
 When hungry thou stood staring, like an oaf,  
 I slic'd the luncheon from the barley loaf,  
 With crumbled bread I thicken'd well thy mess.  
 Ah! love me more, or love thy pottage less!

Last Friday's eve, when as the sun was set,  
 I near yon stile, three sallow gipsies met:  
 Upon my hand they cast a poring look,  
 Bid me beware, and thrice their heads they shook;  
 They said that many crosses I must prove,  
 Some in my wordly gain, but most in love.  
 Next morn I miss'd three hens and our old cock,  
 And off the hedge two pinner and a smock.  
 I bore these losses with a Christian mind,  
 And no mishaps could feel whilst thou wert kind:  
 But since, alas! I grew my Colin's scorn,  
 I've known no pleasure, night, or noon, or morn.  
 Help, me, ye gipsies! bring him home again,  
 And to a constant lass give back her swain.

Have I not sate with thee full many a night,  
 When dying embers were our only light,  
 When ev'ry creature did in slumbers lie,  
 Besides our cat, my Colin Clout and I?  
 No troublous thoughts the Cat or Colin move,  
 While I alone am kept awake by love.

Remember, Colin, when at last year's wake  
 I bought the costly present for thy sake,  
 Couldst thou spell o'er the posie on thy knife,  
 And with another change thy state of life?  
 If thou forgett'st, I wot, I can repeat,  
 My memory can tell the verse so sweet.  
 'As this is grav'd upon this knife of thine,  
 'So is thy image on this heart of mine.'  
 But woe is me! such presents luckless prove,  
 For knives, they tell me, always sever love.

## WEDNESDAY:

or,

## THE DUMPS.

*Sparabella.*

The wailings of a maiden I recite,  
 A maiden fair, that Sparabella hight.  
 Such strains ne'er warble in the linnet's throat,  
 Nor the gay goldfinch chaunts so sweet a note.  
 No magpye chatter'd, nor the painted jay,  
 No ox was heard to low, nor ass to bray:  
 No rustling breezes play'd the leaves among,  
 While thus her madrigal the damsel sung.

Awhile, O D'Urfey! lend an ear or twain,  
 Nor, tho' in homely guise, my verse disdain;  
 Whether thou seek'st new kingdoms in the sun,  
 Whether thy Muse does at Newmarket run,  
 Or does with gossips at a feast regale,  
 And heighten her conceits with sack and ale,  
 Or else at wakes with Joan and Hodge rejoice,  
 Where D'Urfey's lyrics swell in ev'ry voice:  
 Yet suffer, me, thou bard of wond'rous meed,  
 Amid thy bays to weave this rural weed.

Now the sun drove adown the western road,  
 And oxen laid at rest forget the goad;  
 The clown fatigu'd trudg'd homeward with his spade,  
 Across the meadows stretch'd the lengthen'd shade;  
 When Sparabella, pensive and forlorn,  
 Alike with yearning love and labour worn,  
 Lean'd on her rake, and straight with doleful guise  
 Did this sad plaint in moanful notes devise.

Come night as dark as pitch, surround my head,  
From Sparabella Bumkinet is fled ;  
The ribbon that his val'rous cudgel won,  
Last Sunday happier Clumsilis put on :  
Sure if he had eyes, (but Love, they say, has none),  
I whilom by that ribbon had been known.  
Ah! well-a-day! I'm shent with baneful smart,  
For with the ribbon he bestow'd his heart.

My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burden aid,  
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Shall heavy Clumsilis with me compare?  
View this, ye Lovers! and like me despair.  
Her blubber'd lip by smutty pipes is worn,  
And in her breath tobacco whiffs are borne;  
The cleanly cheese-press she could never turn,  
Her awkward fist did ne'er employ the churn;  
If e'er she brew'd, the drink would strait go sour,  
Before it ever felt the thunder's pow'r:  
Now huswifery the dowdy creature knew;  
To sum up all, her tongue confess'd the shrew.

My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burden aid,  
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

I've often seen my visage in yon lake,  
Nor are my features of the homeliest make.  
Tho' Clumsilis may boast a whiter dye,  
Yet the black sloe turns in my rolling eye;  
And fairest blossoms drop with every blast,  
But the brown beauty will like hollies last.  
Her wan complexion 's like the wither'd leek,  
While Katherine pears adorn my ruddy cheek.  
Yet she, alas! the witless lout hath won,  
And by her gain poor Sparabell's undone!  
Let hares and hounds in coupling straps unite,  
The clucking hen make friendship with the kite;  
Let the fox simply wear the nuptial noose,  
And join in wedlock with the waddling goose,  
For Love hath brought a stranger thing to pass,  
The fairest shepherd weds the foulest lass.

My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burden aid,  
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Sooner shall cats disport in waters clear,  
And speckled mackerels graze the meadows fair;  
Sooner shall screech-owls bask in sunny day,  
And the slow ass on trees, like squirrels play;  
Sooner shall snails on insect pinions rove,  
Than I forget my shepherd's wonted love.

My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burden aid,  
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Ah! didst thou know what proffers I withstood,  
When late I met the 'Squire in yonder wood!  
To me he sped, regardless of his game,  
While all my cheek was glowing red with shame;  
My lip he kiss'd and prais'd my healthful look,  
Then from his purse of silk a guinea took;  
Into my hand he forc'd the tempting gold,  
While I with modest struggling broke his hold.  
He swore that Dick, in liv'ry strip'd with lace,  
Should wed me soon to keep me from disgrace;  
But I nor footman priz'd nor golden fee,  
For what is lace or gold compar'd to thee?

My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burden aid,  
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Now plain I ken whence love his rise begun;  
Sure he was born some bloody butcher's son,  
Bred up in shambles, where our younglings slain,  
Erst taught him mischief and to sport with pain.  
The father only silly sheep annoys,  
The son the sillier shepherdess destroys.  
Does son or father greater mischief do?  
The sire is cruel, so the son is too.

My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burden aid,  
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Farewell, ye Woods! ye Meads! ye Streams! that  
A sudden death shall rid me of my wo. [flow;  
This penknife keen my windpipe shall divide;  
What, shall I fall as squeaking pigs have dy'd?



No—To some tree this carcase I'll suspend;  
But worrying curs find such untimely end!  
I'll speed me to the pond, where the high stool  
On the long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool,  
That stool, the dread of ev'ry scolding quean;  
Yet sure a lover should not die so mean!  
There plac'd aloft, I'll rave and rail by fits,  
Tho' all the parish say I've lost my wits;  
And thence, if courage holds, myself I'll throw,  
And quench my passion in the lake below.

Ye Lasses! cease your burden, cease to moan,  
And, by my case forewarn'd, go mind your own.

The sun was set; the night came on apace,  
And falling dews bewet around the place.  
The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,  
And the hoarse owl his woful dirges sings;  
The prudent maiden deems it now too late,  
And till to-morrow comes defers her fate.



## THURSDAY:

or,

## THE SPELL.

*Hobnelia.*

Hobnelia, seated in a dreary vale,  
 In pensive mood rehears'd her piteous tale,  
 Her piteous tale the winds in sighs bemoan,  
 And pining echo answers groan for groan.

I rue the day, a rueful day I trow,  
 The woful day, a day indeed of woe!  
 When Lubberkin to town his cattle drove,  
 A maiden fine bedight he hapt to love;  
 The maiden fine bedight his love retains,  
 And for the village he forsakes the plains.  
 Return, my Lubberkin! these ditties hear,  
 Spells will I try, and spells shall ease my care.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground  
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.

When first the year I heard the cuckoo sing,  
 And call with welcome note the budding spring,  
 I straightway set a running with such haste,  
 Deb'rah that won the smock scarce ran so fast;  
 Till spent for lack of breath, quite weary grown,  
 Upon a rising bank I sat adown,  
 Then doff'd my shoe, and, by my troth, I swear,  
 Therein I spy'd this yellow frizzled hair,  
 As like to Lubberkin's in curl and hue,  
 As if upon his comely pate it grew.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground  
 And turn me thrice, around, around, around.

At eve last Midsummer no sleep I sought,  
 But to the field a bag of hemp-seed brought;  
 I scatter'd round the seed on every side,  
 And three times in a trembling accent cry'd,  
 This hemp-seed with my virgin hand I sow,  
 Who shall my true-love be the crop shall mow.  
 I straight look'd back, and if my eyes speak truth,  
 With his keen scythe behind me came the youth.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind  
 Their paramours with mutual chirpings find,  
 I rearly rose, just at the break of day,  
 Before the sun had chas'd the stars away;  
 A-field I went, amid the morning dew,  
 To milk my kine (for so should huswives do)  
 Thee first I spy'd; and the first swain we see,  
 In spite of fortune, shall our true-love be.  
 See, Lubberkin! each bird his partner take,  
 And canst thou then thy sweetheart dear forsake?

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
 And turn me thrice around, around, around,

Last May-day fair I search'd to find a snail,  
 That might my secret lover's name reveal;  
 Upon a gooseberry-bush a snail I found,  
 For always snails near sweetest fruit abound.  
 I seiz'd the vermine, home I quickly sped,  
 And on the hearth the milk-white embers spread:  
 Slow crawl'd the snail, and if I right can spell,  
 In the soft ashes mark'd a curious L:  
 Oh! may this wondrous omen lucky prove!  
 For L is found in Lubberkin and Love.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,  
 And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name:  
 This with the loudest bounce me sore amaz'd,  
 That in a flame of brightest colour blaz'd.

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With his keen scythe behind me came the youth.

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And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind  
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find,  
I nearly rose, just at the break of day,  
Before the sun had chas'd the stars away;  
A-field I went, amid the morning dew,  
To milk my kine (for so should huswives do)  
Thee first I spy'd; and the first swain we see,  
In spite of fortune, shall our true-love be.  
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For always snails near sweetest fruit abound.  
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And on the hearth the milk-white embers spread:  
Slow crawl'd the snail, and if I right can spell,  
In the soft ashes mark'd a curious *L*:  
Oh! may this wondrous omen lucky prove!  
For *L* is found in Lubberkin and Love.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,  
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name:  
This with the loudest bounce me sore amaz'd,  
That in a flame of brightest colour blaz'd.

As blaz'd the nut so may thy passion grow,  
For 't was thy nut that did so brightly glow.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

As peasecods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see  
One that was closely fill'd with three times three,  
Which, when I cropp'd, I safely home convey'd,  
And o'er the door the spell in secret laid;  
My wheel I turn'd, and sung a ballad new,  
While from the spindle I the fleeces drew;  
The latch mov'd up, when who should first come in,  
But, in his proper person,—Lubberkin.  
I broke my yarn, surpris'd the sight to see,  
Sure sign that he would break his word with me.  
Eftsoons I join'd it with my wonted slight;  
So may again his love with mine unite!

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

This lady-fly I take from off the grass,  
Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass.  
Fly, lady-bird, north, south, or east, or west,  
Fly where the man is found that I love best.  
He leaves my hand; see to the west he's flown,  
To call my true-love from the faithless town.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

This mellow pippin which I pare around,  
My shepherd's name shall flourish on the ground:  
I fling th' unbroken paring o'er my head,  
Upon the grass a perfect *L* is read;  
Yet on my heart a fairer *L* is seen  
Than what the paring marks upon the green.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

This pippin shall another trial make;  
See from the core two kernels brown I take;  
This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn,  
And Boobyclod on t' other side is borne:

But Boobyclod soon drops upon the ground,  
A certain token that his love's unsound,  
While Lubberkin sticks firmly to the last;  
Oh! where his lips to mine but join'd so fast!

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

As Lubberkin once slept beneath a tree,  
I twitch'd his dangling garter from his knee;  
He wist not when the hempen string I drew;  
Now mine I quickly doff of inkle blue;  
Together fast I tie the garters twain,  
And while I knit the knot repeat this strain;  
' Three times a true-love's knot I tie secure,  
' Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure!'

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

As I was wont, I trudg'd last market-day  
To town, with new-laid eggs preserv'd in hay;  
I made my market long before 't was night,  
My purse grew heavy and my basket light.  
Straight to the 'pothecary's shop I went,  
And in love-powder all my money spent;  
Behap what will next Sunday after prayers,  
When to the alehouse Lubberkin repairs,  
These golden flies into his mug I'll throw,  
And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

But hold—our Lightfoot barks, and cocks his ears,  
O'er yonder stile see Lubberkin appears.  
He comes! he comes! Hobnelia's not bewray'd,  
Nor shall she, crown'd with willow, die a maid.  
He vows, he swears, he 'll give me a green gown;  
Oh dear! I fall adown, adown, adown!

## FRIDAY:

or,

## THE DIRGE.

*Bumkinet.*

Why, Grubbinol, dost thou so wistful seem?  
 There's sorrow in thy look, if right I deem.  
 'Tis true, yon' oaks with yellow tops appear,  
 And chilly blasts begin to nip the year.  
 From the tall elm a shower of leaves is borne,  
 And their lost beauty riven beeches mourn;  
 Yet even this season pleasance blithe affords;  
 Now the squeez'd press foams with our apple hoards.  
 Come, let us hie, and quaff a cheery bowl,  
 Let cyder new wash sorrow from thy soul.

*Grub.* Ah! Bumkinet! since thou from hence wert gone,  
 From these sad plains all merriment is flown;  
 Should I reveal my grief, 't would spoil thy cheer,  
 And make thine eye o'erflow with many a tear.

*Bumk.* Hang sorrow! let's to yonder hut repair,  
 And with trim sonnets cast away our care.  
 Gillian of Croydon well thy pipe can play,  
 Thou sing'st most sweet "O'er hills and far away."  
 Of Patient Grissel I devise to sing,  
 And catches quaint shall make the vallies ring.  
 Come, Grubbinol! beneath this shelter come,  
 From hence we view our flocks securely roam.

*Grub.* Yes, blithesome lad, a tale I mean to sing,  
 But with my woe shall distant vallies ring;  
 The tale shall make our kidlings droop their head,  
 For woe is me!—our Blouzelind is dead.



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*Bumk.* Is Blouzelinda dead? farewell, my glee!  
No happiness is now reserv'd for me.  
As the wood pigeon coos without his mate,  
So shall my doleful dirge bewail her fate.  
Of Blouzelinda fair I mean to tell,  
The peerless maid that did all maids excel.

Henceforth the morn shall dewy sorrow shed,  
And ev'ning tears upon the grass be spread;  
The rolling streams with wat'ry grief shall flow,  
And winds shall moan aloud—when loud they blow,  
Henceforth, as oft' as autumn shall return,  
The dropping trees, whene'er it rains, shall mourn:  
This season quite shall strip the country's pride,  
For 'twas in autumn Blouzelinda dy'd.

Where'er I gad, I Blouzelind shall view,  
Woods, dairy, barn, and mows, our passion knew.  
When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,  
Fresh rising sorrow curdles in my blood.  
Thither I've often been the damsel's guide,  
When rotten sticks our fuel have supply'd;  
There I remember how her faggots large  
Were frequently these happy shoulders' charge.  
Sometimes this crook drew hazels boughs adown,  
And stuff'd her apron wide with nuts so brown;  
Or when her feeding hogs had miss'd their way,  
Or wallowing 'mid a feast of acorns lay,  
Th' untoward creatures to the sty I drove,  
And whistled all the way—or told my love.

If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hie,  
I shall her goodly countenance espy,  
For there her goodly countenance I've seen,  
Set off with kerchief starch'd and pinners clean.  
Sometimes, like wax, she rolls the butter round,  
Or with the wooden lily prints the pound.  
Whilom I've seen her skim the clouted cream,  
And press from spongy curds the milky stream.  
But now, alas! these ears shall hear no more  
The whining swine surround the dairy door;

No more her care shall fill the hollow tray,  
 To fat the guzzling hogs with floods of whey.  
 Lament, ye swine! in grunting spend your grief,  
 For you, like me, have lost your sole relief.

When in the barn the sounding flail I ply,  
 Where from her sieve the chaff was wont to fly,  
 The poultry there will seem around to stand,  
 Waiting upon her charitable hand:  
 No succour meet the poultry now can find,  
 For they, like me, have lost their Blouzelind.

Whenever by yon' barley-mow I pass,  
 Before my eyes will trip the tidy lass,  
 I pitch the sheaves (oh! could I do so now)  
 Which she in rows pil'd on the growing mow.  
 There every deale my heart by love was gain'd,  
 There the sweet kiss my courtship has explain'd:  
 Ah! Blouzelind! that mow I ne'er shall see,  
 But thy memorial will revive in me.

Lament, ye fields! and rueful symptoms show,  
 Henceforth let not the smelling primrose grow;  
 Let weeds instead of butter-flowers appear.  
 And meads instead of daises hemlock bear;  
 For cowslips sweet let dandelions spread,  
 For Blouzelinda, blithesome maid! is dead.  
 Lament, ye swains! and o'er her grave bemoan,  
 And spell ye right this verse upon her stone;  
 "Here Blouzelinda lies—alas, alas!

"Weep shepherds!—and remember flesh is grass."

*Grub.* Albeit thy songs are sweeter to mine ear  
 Than to the thirsty cattle rivers clear,  
 Or winter porridge to the lab'ring youth,  
 Or buns and sugar to the damsel's tooth;  
 Yet Blouzelinda's name shall tune my lay;  
 Of her I'll sing for ever and for aye.

When Blouzelind expir'd, the wether's bell  
 Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell;  
 The solemn death-watch click'd the hour she dy'd,  
 And shrilling crickets in the chimney cry'd:

The boding raven on her cottage sate,  
 And with hoarse croaking warn'd us of her fate;  
 The lambkin, which her wonted tendence bred,  
 Dropp'd on the plains that fatal instant dead;  
 Swarm'd on a rotten stick the bees I spy'd,  
 Which erst I saw when Goody Dobson dy'd.

How shall I, void of tears, her death relate?  
 While on her darling's bed her mother sate,  
 These words the dying Blouzelinda spoke,  
 And of the dead let none the will revoke:

Mother, quoth she, let not the poultry need,  
 And give the goose wherewith to raise her breed;  
 Be these my sister's care—and ev'ry morn  
 Amid the ducklings let her scatter corn;  
 The sickly calf that's hous'd, be sure to tend,  
 Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.  
 Yet, ere I die—see, mother, yonder shelf,  
 There secretly I've hid my wordly pelf.  
 Twenty good shillings in a rag I laid,  
 Be ten the parson's for my sermon paid:  
 The rest is your's—my spinning-wheel and rake  
 Let Susan keep for her dear sister's sake:  
 My new straw hat, that's trimly lin'd with green,  
 Let Peggy wear, for she's a damsel clean:  
 My leathern bottle, long in harvests try'd,  
 Be Grubbinol's—this silver ring beside:  
 Three silver pennies and a nine-pence bent,  
 A token kind, to Bumkinet be sent.

Thus spoke the maiden, while her mother cry'd,  
 And peaceful, like the harmless lamb, she dy'd.

To show their love, the neighbours far and near  
 Follow'd, with wistful look, the damsel's bier.  
 Sprigg'd rosemary the lads and lasses bore,  
 While dismally the parson walk'd before.  
 Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,  
 The daisy, butter-flow'r, and endive blue.

After the good man warn'd us from his text,  
 That none could tell whose turn would be the next,

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He said that Heaven would take her soul, no doubt,  
And spoke the hour-glass in her praise—quite out.

To her sweet mem'ry flow'ry garlands strung,  
O'er her now empty seat aloft were hung;  
With wicker rods we fenc'd her tomb around,  
To ward from man and beast the hallow'd ground,  
Lest her new grave the parson's cattle raze,  
For both his horse and cow the church-yard graze.  
Now we trudg'd homeward to her mother's farm,  
To drink new cyder mull'd, with ginger warm;  
For Gaffer Treadwell told us by the bye,  
Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry.

While bulls bear horns upon their curled brow,  
Or lasses with soft stroakings milk the cow;  
While paddling ducks the standing lake desire,  
Or batt'ning hogs roll in the sinking mire;  
While moles the crumbled earth in hillocks raise,  
So long shall swains tell Blouzelinda's praise.

Thus wail'd the louts in melancholy strain,  
Till bonny Susan sped across the plain:  
They seiz'd the lass, in apron clean array'd,  
And to the alehouse forc'd the willing maid.  
In ale and kisses they forget their cares,  
And Susan Blouzelinda's loss repairs.



## SATURDAY:

or,

THE FLIGHTS.  

---

*Bowzybeus.*

Sublimar strains, O rustic muse! prepare;  
Forget a-while the barn and dairy's care;  
Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raise,  
The drunkard's flights require sonorous lays;  
With Bowzybeus' songs exalt thy verse,  
While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.

'Twas in the season when the reapers' toil  
Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil;  
Wide thro' the field was seen a goodly rout,  
Clean damsels bound the gather'd sheaves about;  
The lads with sharpen'd hook and sweating brow  
Cut down the labours of the winter-plough.  
To the near hedge young Susan steps aside,  
She feign'd her coat or garter was unty'd;  
Whate'er she did, she stoop'd adown unseen,  
And merry reapers what they list will ween.  
Soon she rose up, and cry'd with voice so shrill,  
That echo answer'd from the distant hill;  
The youths and damsels ran to Susan's aid,  
Who thought some adder had the lass dismay'd.

When fast asleep they Bowzybeus spy'd,  
His hat and oaken staff lay close beside;  
That Bowzybeus who could sweetly sing,  
Or with the rosin'd bow torment the string;  
That Bowzybeus who with fingers' speed  
Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed;

That Bowzybeus who with jocund tongue,  
Ballads, and roundelays, and catches sung.  
They loudly laugh to see the damsel's fright,  
And in disport surround the drunken wight.

Ah! Bowzybee, why didst thou stay so long?  
The mugs were large, the drink was wond'rous strong!  
Thou shouldst have left the fair before 't was night,  
But thou sat'st toping till the morning light.

Cic'ly, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout,  
And kiss'd, with smacking lip, the snoring lout;  
For custom says, whoe'er this venture proves,  
For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves.  
By her example Dorcas bolder grows,  
And plays a tickling straw within his nose.  
He rubs his nostril, and in wonted joke  
The sneering swains with stammering speech bespoke.  
To you, my lads, I'll sing my carols o'er;  
As for the maids—I've something else in store.

No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song,  
But lads and lasses round about him throng.  
Not ballad-singer plac'd above the crowd  
Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud;  
Nor parish-clerk who calls the psalm so clear,  
Like Bowzybeus soothes th' attentive ear.

Of nature's laws his carols first begun,  
Why the grave owl can never face the sun;  
For owls, as swains observe, detest the light,  
And only sing and seek their prey by night:  
How turnips hide their swelling heads below,  
And how the closing coleworts upwards grow;  
How Will-a-wisp misleads night-faring clowns  
O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs:  
Of stars he told, that shoot with shining trail,  
And of the glow-worm's light that gilds his tail:  
He sung where woodcocks in the summer feed,  
And in what climates they renew their breed:  
Some think to northern coasts their flight they tend,  
Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend:

Where swallows in the winter's season keep,  
And how the drowsy bat and dormouse sleep:  
How nature does the puppy's eyelid close,  
Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose:  
For huntsmen, by their long experience, find,  
That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind.

Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,  
For still new fairs before his eyes arose:  
How pedlars' stalls with glittering toys are laid,  
The various fairings of the country maid:  
Long silken laces hang upon the twine,  
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine:  
How the tight lass, knives, combs, and scissors spies,  
And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes:  
Of lott'ries next with tuneful note he told,  
Where silver spoons are won and rings of gold:  
The lads and lasses trudge the street along,  
And all the fair is crowded in his song:  
The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells  
His pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells;  
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,  
And on the rope the vent'rous maiden swings;  
Jack-Pudding, in his party colour'd jacket,  
Tosses the glove, and jokes at every packet:  
Of raree-shows he sung, and punch's feats,  
Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats.

Then sad he sung The Children in the Wood;  
Ah! barb'rous uncle, stain'd with infant blood!  
How blackberries they pluck'd in desarts wild,  
And fearless at the glitt'ring faulchion smil'd:  
Their little corpse the robin-red-breasts found,  
And strow'd with pious bill the leaves around.  
Ah! gentle birds! if this verse lasts so long,  
Your names shall live for ever in my song.

For buxom Joan he sung the doubtful strife,  
How the sly sailor made the maid a wife.

To louder strains he rais'd his voice to tell  
What woful wars in Chevy-chace befell,



When Piercy drove the deer with hound and horn,  
Wars to be wept by children yet unborn!  
Ah! With'rington! more years thy life had crown'd,  
If thou hadst never heard the horn or hound!  
Yet shall the Squire who fought on bloody stumps,  
By future bards be wail'd in doleful dumps.

All in the land of Essex next he chaunts,  
How to sleek mares starch Quakers turn gallants:  
How the grave brother stood on bank so green;  
Happy for him if mares had never been!

Then he was seiz'd with a religious qualm,  
And on a sudden sung the hundredth psalm.

He sung of Taffey Welch, and Sawney Scot,  
Lilly-bullero, and the Irish Trot.

Why should I tell of Bateman or of Shore,  
Or Wantley's dragon slain by valiant Moore;  
The bower of Rosamond, or Robin Hood,  
And how the grass now grows where Troy town stood?

His carols ceas'd; the list'ning maids and swains  
Seem still to hear some soft imperfect strains.

Sudden he rose, and as he reels along,  
Swears kisses sweet should well reward his song.  
The damsels laughing fly; the giddy clown  
Again upon a wheatsheaf drops adown;  
The pow'r that guards the drunk his sleep attends,  
Till ruddy, like his face, the sun descends.





SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO  
BLACK-EY'D SUSAN.

---

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,  
The streamers waving in the wind,  
When black-ey'd Susan came aboard:  
Oh! where shall I my true love find!  
Tell me, ye jovial sailors! tell me true,  
If my sweet William sails among the crew?

William, who high upon the yard,  
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,  
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,  
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below:  
The cord slides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,  
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high-pois'd in air,  
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,  
(If chance his mate's shrill call he hear)  
And drops at once into her nest.  
The noblest captain in the British fleet,  
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan! Susan! lovely dear,  
My vows shall ever true remain;  
Let me kiss off that falling tear;  
We only part to meet again.  
Change as ye list, ye winds! my heart shall be  
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,  
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;  
They'll tell thee sailors, when away,  
In every port a mistress find.  
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,  
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to far India's coast we sail,  
 Thy eyes are seen in di'monds bright,  
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,  
 Thy skin is ivory, so white.  
 Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,  
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle call me from thy arms,  
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn;  
 Tho' cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,  
 William shall to his dear return.  
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,  
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word;  
 The sails their swelling bosom spread;  
 No longer must she stay aboard:  
 They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head:  
 Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land:  
 Adieu! she cries, and waves her lily hand.

### A NEW SONG OF NEW SIMILIES.

---

My passion is as mustard strong;  
 I sit all sober sad;  
 Drunk as a piper all day long,  
 Or like a March hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow;  
 I drink, yet can't forget her;  
 For tho' as drunk as David's sow,  
 I love her still the better.

Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,  
 If Molly were but kind;  
 Cool as a cucumber could see  
 The rest of womankind.

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,  
And eye her o'er and o'er;  
Lean as a rake with sighs and care,  
Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,  
And soft as silk my skin,  
My cheeks as fat as butter grown,  
But as a groat now thin!

I melancholy as a cat  
Am kept awake to weep;  
But she insensible of that,  
Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or stone,  
She laughs to see me pale;  
And merry as a grig is grown,  
And brisk as bottled ale.

The god of Love at her approach  
Is busy as a bee;  
Hearts sound as any bell or roach,  
Are smit and sigh like me.

Ah me! as thick as hops or hail  
The fine men crowd about her;  
But soon as dead as a door-nail  
Shall I be if without her.

Straight as my leg her shape appears;  
O were we join'd together!  
My heart would be Scot free from cares,  
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as fivepence is her mien,  
No drum was ever tighter;  
Her glance is as the razor keen,  
And not the sun is brighter.

As soft as pap her kisses are,  
Methinks I taste them yet;  
Brown as a berry is her hair,  
Her eyes as black as jet.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,  
Her pretty hand invites;

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Sharp as a needle are her words,  
Her wit like pepper bites.  
Brisk as a body-louse she trips,  
Clean as a penny drest;  
Sweet as a rose her breath and lips,  
Round as the globe her breast.  
Full as an egg was I with glee,  
And happy as a king:  
Good L—d! how all men envy'd me!  
She lov'd like any thing.  
But false as hell, she, like the wind,  
Chang'd, as her sex must do;  
Tho' seeming as the turtle kind,  
And like the gospel true.  
If I and Molly could agree,  
Let who would take Peru!  
Great as an emp'ror should I be,  
And richer than a Jew.  
Till you grow tender as a chick,  
I'm dull as any post;  
Let us like burs together stick,  
And warm as any toast.  
You'll know me truer than a die,  
And wish me better sped;  
Flat as a flounder when I lie,  
And as a herring dead.  
Sure as a gun she'll drop a tear  
And sigh, perhaps, and wish,  
When I am rotten as a pear,  
And mute as any fish.



THE SHEPHERD AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

---

Remote from cities liv'd a swain,  
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;  
His head was silver'd o'er with age,  
And long experience made him sage;  
In summer's heat, and winter's cold,  
He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold :  
His hours in cheerful labour flew,  
Nor envy nor ambition knew :  
His wisdom and his honest fame  
Thro' all the country rais'd his name.

A deep philosopher (whose rules  
Of moral life were drawn from schools)  
The Shepherd's homely cottage sought,  
And thus explor'd his reach of thought.

Whence is thy learning? hath thy toil  
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?  
Hast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd,  
And the vast sense of Plato weigh'd?  
Hath Socrates thy soul refin'd,  
And hast thou fathom'd Tully's mind?  
Or, like the wise Ulysses, thrown,  
By various fates, on realms unknown,  
Hast thou thro' many cities stray'd,  
Their customs, laws, and manners, weigh'd?

The Shepherd modestly reply'd,  
I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;  
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts  
To read mankind, their laws and arts;  
For man is practis'd in disguise,  
He cheats the most discerning eyes;  
Who by that search shall wiser grow,  
When we ourselves can never know?  
The little knowledge I have gain'd  
Was all from simple Nature drain'd;

Hence my life's maxims took their rise,  
Hence grew my settled hate to vice.  
The daily labours of the bee  
Awake my soul to industry:  
Who can observe the careful ant,  
And not provide for future want?  
My dog (the truest of his kind)  
With gratitude inflames my mind:  
I mark his true, his faithful way,  
And in my service copy Tray.  
In constancy and nuptial love  
I learn my duty from the dove.  
The hen, who from the chilly air,  
With pious wing protects her care,  
And ev'ry fowl that flies at large  
Instructs me in a parent's charge.  
From Nature, too, I take my rule,  
To shun contempt and ridicule.  
I never, with important air,  
In conversation overbear.  
Can grave and formal pass for wise  
When men the solemn owl despise?  
My tongue within my lips I rein;  
For who talks much must talk in vain.  
We from the wordy torrent fly:  
Who listens to the chatt'ring pie?  
Nor would I, with felonious slight,  
By stealth invade my neighbour's right.  
Rapacious animals we hate:  
Kites, hawks, and wolves, deserve their fate.  
Do not we just abhorrence find  
Against the toad and serpent kind?  
But Envy, Calumny, and Spite,  
Bear stronger venom in their bite.  
Thus ev'ry object of creation  
Can furnish hints to contemplation;  
And from the most minute and mean  
A virtuous mind can morals glean.

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Thy fame is just, the Sage replies;  
Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.  
Pride often guides the author's pen;  
Books as affected are as men:  
But he who studies Nature's laws  
From certain truth his maxims draws;  
And those, without our schools, suffice  
To make men moral, good, and wise.

### THE PAINTER WHO PLEASED NOBODY AND EVERY BODY.

---

Lest men suspect your tale untrue,  
Keep probability in view,  
The trav'ller leaping o'er those bounds,  
The credit of his book confounds.  
Who with his tongue hath armies routed,  
Makes ev'n his real courage doubted.  
But flatt'ry never seems absurd;  
The flatter'd always take your word:  
Impossibilities seem just;  
They take the strongest praise on trust.  
Hyperboles, tho' ne'er so great,  
Will still come short of self-conceit.

So very like a Painter drew,  
That ev'ry eye the picture knew;  
He hit complexion, feature, air,  
So just, the life itself was there.  
No flatt'ry with his colours laid,  
To bloom restor'd the faded maid;  
He gave each muscle all its strength;  
The mouth, the chin, the nose's length;

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His honest pencil touch'd with truth,  
And mark'd the date of age and youth.

He lost his friends, his practice fail'd;  
Truth should not always be reveal'd;  
In dusty piles his pictures lay,  
For no one sent the second pay.

Two bustos, fraught with every grace,  
A Venus' and Apollo's face,  
He plac'd in view; resolv'd to please,  
Whoever sat he drew from these,  
From these corrected ev'ry feature,  
And spirited each awkward creature.

All things were set; the hour was come,  
His pallette ready o'er his thumb;  
My Lord appear'd; and, seated right,  
In proper attitude and light,  
The Painter look'd, he sketch'd the piece,  
Then dipp'd his pencil, talk'd of Greece,  
Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air;  
Those eyes, my Lord, the spirit there  
Might well a Raphael's hand require,  
To give them all the native fire;  
The features, fraught with sense and wit,  
You'll grant, are very hard to hit;  
But yet with patience you shall view  
As much as paint and art can do.

Observe the work. My Lord reply'd,  
Till now I thought my mouth was wide;  
Besides, my nose is somewhat long;  
Dear Sir, for me, 't is far too young.

Oh! pardon me, the artist cry'd;  
In this we Painters must decide.  
The piece ev'n common eyes must strike,  
I warrant it extremely like.

My Lord examin'd it anew;  
No looking-glass seem'd half so true.

A lady came, with borrow'd grace  
He from his Venus form'd her face.



Her lover prais'd the Painter's art ;  
So like the picture in his heart !  
To ev'ry age some charm he lent ;  
Ev'n beauties were almost content.

Thro' all the town his art they prais'd ;  
His custom grew, his price was rais'd.  
Had he the real likeness shown,  
Would any man the picture own ?  
But when thus happily he wrought,  
Each found the likeness in his thought.

#### PYTHAGORAS AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

---

Pythag'ras rose at early dawn,  
By soaring meditation drawn ;  
To breathe the fragrance of the day,  
Thro' flow'ry fields he took his way.  
In musing contemplation warm,  
His steps misled him to a farm,  
Where on a ladder's topmost round  
A peasant stood ; the hammer's sound  
Shook the weak barn. Say, Friend, what care  
Calls for thy honest labour there ?

The Clown, with surly voice, replies,  
Vengeance aloud for justice cries.  
This kite, by daily rapine fed,  
My hens' annoy, my turkeys' dread,  
At length his forfeit life hath paid ;  
See on the wall his wings display'd,  
Here nail'd, a terror to his kind,  
My fowls shall future safety find ;  
My yard the thriving poultry feed,  
And my barns' refuse fat the breed.

Friend, says the Sage, the doom is wise;  
 For public good the murd'rer dies:  
 But if these tyrants of the air  
 Demand a sentence so severe,  
 Think how the glutton, man, devours;  
 What bloody feasts regale his hours!  
 O impudence of pow'r and might,  
 Thus to condemn a hawk or kite,  
 When thou, perhaps, carniv'rous sinner,  
 Hadst pullets yesterday for dinner!

Hold, cry'd the Clown, with passion heated,  
 Shall kites and men alike be treated?  
 When Heav'n the world with creatures stor'd,  
 Man was ordain'd their sov'reign lord.

Thus tyrants boast, the Sage reply'd,  
 Whose murders spring from pow'r and pride.  
 Own then this manlike kite is slain  
 Thy greater luxury to sustain;  
 For "Petty rogues submit to Fate,  
 "That great ones may enjoy their state"."

\* Garth's Dispensary.



THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE PHEASANTS.

---

The Sage, awak'd at early day,  
Thro' the deep forest took his way;  
Drawn by the music of the groves,  
Along the winding gloom he roves:  
From tree to tree the warbling throats  
Prolong the sweet alternate notes:  
But where he past he terror threw,  
The song broke short, the warblers flew,  
The thrushes chatter'd with affright,  
And nightingales abhorr'd his sight;  
All animals before him ran,  
To shun the hateful sight of man.

Whence is this dread of ev'ry creature?  
Fly they our figure or our nature?

As thus he walk'd in musing thought,  
His ear imperfect accents caught;  
With cautious step he nearer drew,  
By the thick shade conceal'd from view.  
High on the branch a Pheasant stood,  
Around her all her list'ning brood;  
Proud of the blessings of her nest,  
She thus a mother's care exprest.

No dangers here shall circumvent,  
Within the woods enjoy content.  
Sooner the hawk or vulture trust  
Than man, of animals the worst.  
In him ingratitude you find,  
A vice peculiar to the kind.  
The sheep, whose annual fleece is dy'd  
To guard his health, and serve his pride,  
Forc'd from his fold and native plain,  
Is in the cruel shambles slain.  
The swarms who, with industrious skill,  
His hives with wax and honey fill,

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In vain whole summer days employ'd,  
Their stores are sold, the race destroy'd.  
What tribute from the goose is paid!  
Does not her wing all science aid?  
Does it not lovers' hearts explain,  
And drudge to raise the merchant's gain?  
What now rewards this general use?  
He takes the quills, and eats the goose.  
Man then avoid, detest his ways,  
So safety shall prolong your days.  
When services are thus acquitted,  
Be sure we Pheasants must be spitted.



THE SHEPHERD'S DOG AND THE WOLF.

---

A wolf, with hunger fierce and bold,  
Ravag'd the plains, and thinn'd the fold;  
Deep in the wood secure he lay,  
The thefts of night regal'd the day.  
In vain the shepherd's wakeful care  
Had spread the toils, and watch'd the snare;  
In vain the dog pursu'd his pace,  
The fleeter robber mock'd the chase.

As Lightfoot rang'd the forest round,  
By chance his foe's retreat he found.

Let us awhile the war suspend,  
And reason as from friend to friend.

A truce? replies the wolf. 'Tis done.  
The dog the parley thus begun.

How can that strong intrepid mind  
Attack a weak defenceless kind?  
Those jaws should prey on nobler food,  
And drink the boar's and lion's blood.  
Great souls with gen'rous pity melt,  
Which coward tyrants never felt.  
How harmless is our fleecy care!  
Be brave, and let thy mercy spare.

Friend, says the wolf, the matter weigh;  
Nature design'd us beasts of prey;  
As such, when hunger finds a treat,  
'Tis necessary wolves should eat,  
If, mindful of the bleating weal,  
Thy bosom burn with real zeal,  
Hence, and thy tyrant lord beseech;  
To him repeat the moving speech:  
A wolf eats sheep but now and then,  
Ten thousands are devour'd by men.  
An open foe may prove a curse,  
But a pretended friend is worse.

# THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

---

Friendship, like love, is but a name,  
 Unless to one you stint the flame.  
 The child, whom many fathers share,  
 Hath seldom known a father's care.  
 'Tis thus in friendships; who depend  
 On many, rarely find a friend.

A hare who, in a civil way,  
 Comply'd with ev'ry thing, like GAY,  
 Was known by all the bestial train  
 Who haunt the wood or graze the plain;  
 Her care was never to offend,  
 And ev'ry creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,  
 To taste the dew besprinkled lawn,  
 Behind she hears the hunter's cries,  
 And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies.  
 She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;  
 She hears the near advance of death;  
 She doubles to mislead the hound,  
 And measures back her mazy round,  
 Till, fainting in the public way,  
 Half-dead with fear she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,  
 When first the Horse appear'd in view!

Let me, says she, your back ascend,  
 And owe my safety to a friend.  
 You know my feet betray my flight:  
 To friendship ev'ry burden's light.

The Horse reply'd, Poor honest puss!  
 It grieves my heart to see thee thus:  
 Be comforted, relief is near,  
 For all your friends are in the rear.

She next the stately Bull implor'd,  
 And thus reply'd the mighty lord;

Since ev'ry beast alive can tell  
That I sincerely wish you well,  
I may, without offence, pretend  
To take the freedom of a friend.  
Love calls me hence; a fav'rite cow  
Expects me near yon' barley mow;  
And when a lady 's in the case,  
You know all other things give place.  
To leave you thus might seem unkind,  
But see, the Goat is just behind.

The Goat remark'd her pulse was high,  
Her languid head, her heavy eye:  
My back, says he, may do you harm;  
The Sheep's at hand and wool is warm.

The Sheep was feeble, and complain'd  
He sides a load of wool sustain'd;  
Said he was slow, confess'd his fears;  
For hounds eat sheep as well as Hares.

She now the trotting Calf address'd,  
To save from death a friend distress'd.

Shall I, says he, of tender age,  
In this important care engage?  
Older and abler pass'd you by;  
How strong are those! how weak am I!  
Should I presume to bear you hence,  
Those friends of mine may take offence.  
Excuse me, then! you know my heart;  
But dearest friends, alas! must part.  
How shall we all lament! Adieu;  
For see the hounds are just in view.



## THE SQUIRE AND HIS CUR.

---

To a Country Gentleman.

The man of pure and simple heart  
 Thro' life disdains a double part:  
 He never needs the screen of lies  
 His inward bosom to disguise.  
 In vain malicious tongues assail;  
 Let Envy snarl, let Slander rail,  
 From Virtue's shield (secure from wound)  
 Their blunted venom'd shafts rebound.  
 So shines his light before mankind,  
 His actions prove his honest mind.  
 If in his country's cause he rise,  
 Debating senates to advise,  
 Unbrib'd, unaw'd, he dares impart  
 The honest dictates of his heart.  
 No ministerial frown he fears,  
 But in his virtue perseveres.

But would you play the politician,  
 Whose heart's averse to intuition,  
 Your lips at all times, nay, your reason,  
 Must be controll'd by place and season.  
 What statesman could his pow'r support,  
 Were lying tongues forbid the court?  
 Did princely ears to truth attend,  
 What minister could gain his end?  
 How could he raise his tools to place,  
 And how his honest foes disgrace?

That politician topos his part,  
 Who readily can lie with art:  
 The man's proficient in his trade;  
 His pow'r is strong, his fortune's made.  
 By that the int'rest of the throne  
 Is made subservient to his own:



By that have kings of old, deluded,  
 All their own friends for his excluded :  
 By that, his selfish schemes pursuing,  
 He thrives upon the public ruin.  
 Antiochus\*, with hardy pace,  
 Provok'd the dangers of the chase;  
 And, lost from all his menial train,  
 Travers'd the wood and pathless plain.  
 A cottage lodg'd the royal guest;  
 The Parthian clown brought forth his best.  
 The King unknown his feast enjoy'd,  
 And various chat the hours employ'd.  
 From wine what sudden friendship springs!  
 Frankly they talk'd of courts and kings.

We country-folks (the Clown replies)  
 Cou'd ope our gracious monarch's eyes.  
 The King, (as all our neighbours say)  
 Might he (God bless him!) have his way,  
 Is sound at heart, and means our good,  
 And he would do it if he cou'd.  
 If truth in courts were not forbid,  
 Nor kings nor subjects would be rid.  
 Were he in pow'r we need not doubt him;  
 But that transferr'd to those about him,  
 On them he throws the regal cares;  
 And what mind they? Their own affairs.  
 If such rapacious hands he trust,  
 The best of men may seem unjust.  
 From kings to cobblers 'tis the same:  
 Bad servants wound their master's fame.  
 In this our neighbours all agree:  
 Would the king knew as much as we!  
 Here he stopp'd short. Repose they sought,  
 The Peasant slept, the Monarch thought.

The courtiers learn'd, at early dawn,  
 Where their lost sov'reign was withdrawn.

\* Plutarch.

The guards' approach our host alarms;  
 With gaudy coats the cottage swarms,  
 The crown and purple robes they bring,  
 And prostrate fall before the King.  
 The Clown was call'd; the royal guest  
 By due reward his thanks exprest.  
 The King then, turning to the crowd,  
 Who fawningly before him bow'd,  
 Thus spoke. Since, bent on private gain,  
 Your counsels first misled my reign,  
 Taught and inform'd by you alone,  
 No truth the royal ear hath known,  
 Till here conversing: hence! ye Crew,  
 For now I know myself and you.

Whene'er the royal ear's engrost,  
 State lies but little genius cost.  
 The fav'rite then securely robs,  
 And gleans a nation by his jobs.  
 Franker and bolder grown in ill,  
 He daily poisons dares instil;  
 And, as his present views suggest,  
 Inflames or soothes the royal breast.  
 Thus wicked ministers oppress,  
 When oft' the monarch means redress.

Would kings their private subjects hear,  
 A minister must talk with fear;  
 If honesty oppos'd his views,  
 He dar'd not innocence accuse;  
 'T would keep him in such narrow bound,  
 He could not right and wrong confound.  
 Happy were kings, could they disclose  
 Their real friends and real foes!  
 Were both themselves and subjects known,  
 A monarch's will might be his own.  
 Had he the use of ears and eyes,  
 Knaves would no more be counted wise.  
 But then a minister might lose  
 (Hard case!) his own ambitious views.

When such as these have vex'd a state,  
Pursu'd by universal hate,  
Their false support at once hath fail'd,  
And persevering truth prevail'd,  
Expos'd, their train of fraud is seen;  
Truth will at last remove the screen.

A Country 'Squire by whim directed,  
The true stanch dogs of chase neglected.  
Beneath his board no hound was fed;  
His hand ne'er strok'd the spaniel's head.  
A snappish Cur, alone carest,  
By lies had banish'd all the rest.  
Yap had his ear; and defamation  
Gave him full scope of conversation.  
His sycophants must be preferr'd;  
Room must be made for all his herd:  
Wherefore, to bring his schemes about,  
Old faithful servants all must out.

The Cur on ev'ry creature flew,  
(As other great men's puppies do)  
Unless due court to him were shown,  
And both their face and bus'ness known:  
No honest tongue an audience found;  
He worry'd all the tenants round;  
For why? he liv'd in constant fear,  
Lest truth by chance should interfere.  
If any stranger dar'd intrude,  
The noisy Cur his heels pursu'd.  
Now fierce with rage now struck with dread,  
At once he snarl'd, bit, and fled.  
Aloof he bays, with bristling hair,  
And thus in secret growls his fear.  
Who knows but Truth, in this disguise,  
May frustrate my best-guarded lies?  
Should she (thus mask'd) admittance find,  
That very hour my ruin 's sign'd.

Now in his howl's continu'd sound,  
Their words were lost, the voice was drown'd.

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Ever in awe of honest tongues,  
Thus every day he strain'd his lungs.

It happen'd, in ill-omen'd hour,  
That Yap, unmindful of his pow'r,  
Forsook his post, to love inclin'd;  
A fav'rite bitch was in the wind.  
By her seduc'd, in am'rous play,  
They frisk'd the joyous hours away,  
Thus by untimely love pursuing,  
Like Antony he sought his ruin.

For now the 'Squire, unvex'd with noise,  
An honest neighbour's chat enjoys.  
Be free, says he; your mind impart;  
I love a friendly open heart.

Methinks my tenants shun my gate;  
Why such a stranger grown of late?  
Pray tell me what offence they find:  
'Tis plain they're not so well inclin'd.

Turn off your Cur (the Farmer cries)  
Who feeds your ear with daily lies.  
His snarling insolence offends:  
'Tis he that keeps you from your friends.  
Were but that saucy puppy checkt,  
You'd find again the same respect.  
Hear only him, he'll swear it too,  
That all our hatred is to you.  
But learn from us your true estate;  
'Tis that curs'd Cur alone we hate.

The 'Squire heard Truth. Now Yap rush'd in;  
The wide hall echoes with his din:  
Yet Truth prevail'd; and, with disgrace,  
The dog was cudgell'd out of place.



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